prime

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by YouAreMyDesign

Summary

He bares his teeth in a smile that makes Will answer in kind. "I'll find you," he says; a threatening promise of his own.

Will grins, and purrs for him in a way that makes Hannibal ache all over again. "Good," he replies. "I want you to."

Chapter 1

It is hunting season in Baltimore, the heat sweltering during the day, only cooling off after the thunderstorms that wreak havoc in the area in the late afternoons. Humidity makes clothes and hair cling, clogs the air to make anyone choke on the scents of omegas nearing their fertile hours. It hangs over the city like a fog, and Hannibal breathes it in eagerly.

The ones that are afraid, or are mated, have locked themselves in their homes. The betas on the street, unaffected but still aware, give anyone out and about a wide berth, cast furtive glances with their grey-ringed eyes, lick their lips at omegas, show their necks to alphas – not a threat, they plea in silence, not a threat, but if you're willing…

Hannibal lets his gaze linger on a particularly lovely alpha, a female, sipping coffee with her friends at one of the outside dining tables. He watches her huff, her cheeks flushed from the heat, and pull her long, dark hair up into a ponytail. He lifts his chin, breathes deeply in the scent of her – something sweet, and soft, watermelon and wildflowers.

His stomach tenses, and his thighs tremble, his fingers drumming idly along the back of the bench he's perched on. He breathes her in again, but discards her, when he sees his answering pheromones do nothing to attract her attention. It is then that he sees the wedding ring on her finger, and breathes in again, noting that the particular sweetness is that of her growing child.

Ah, of course. Pregnant women and omegas will not pursue or let themselves be chased, lest they harm their baby.

He stands, lips pressed together, and adjusts the collar of his suit jacket. He is starting to get slick, his suit pants and underwear bunching up uncomfortably, clogging and moist despite the omega cup Hannibal is wearing to keep him from leaking everywhere. He is more aware than most when the monthly heat approaches, and knows to be prepared.

His many layers dull his scent, but now that he has started to show interest, he can feel eyes on him as he passes by the shops and cafés, and meanders without any real intent towards the park. The air is open, here, and the breezes soft but constant, buffeting him with the scents of dogs, of children, of other adults. Much more likely to get him noticed, or to pull his attention towards a particular person's scent.

He senses more than hears the growl, and his nostrils flare. He looks over his shoulder and meets the eyes of the alpha male who has undoubtedly noticed him – notes that he is skinny, but tall, gangly like a willow tree. His fangs look particularly large, however, and Hannibal's neck aches at the thought of feeling them against his flesh.

The alpha stands from his spot, vibrating, his eyes flashing and darkening to a deep, deep red. He presses his lips together, breathes in the man's scent. He smells like woodsmoke and peppercorns, something spicy that makes Hannibal's mouth water. His hair is short, blond, and Hannibal cannot tell what shade his eyes normally are.

He does not tilt his head, but moves his eyes away, curious if the alpha will take it as dismissal, encouragement, or for what it actually is; Hannibal is scanning the area, plotting out a course for the chase. There are trees at the other end of the green lawn, with posts up and orange tape to tell the general public that this is a Government-sanctioned hunting ground. That is, children and passers-by are not allowed here. Only omegas, and those that are chasing them.

His lips twitch into a smile, and he looks back at the alpha, seeing he has prowled closer. Not so close to lunge, but to significantly deplete Hannibal's head start.

And so, without further delay, Hannibal sheds his jacket and folds it, and throws it to the alpha, who catches it, and lifts it to his mouth to take a deep drag in. Hannibal smiles, and, in his moment of distraction, takes off running.

The man snarls behind him, and then Hannibal hears his heavy steps giving chase, but then he ignores them in favor of bolting towards the trees. His heart is racing, his stomach tight and chest clenching with anticipation. It is rare for an alpha to catch up with him, even rarer for one to be able to overpower him during a chase, and Hannibal hasn't had a good hunt in far too long.

Once within the trees, past the orange tape, he knows the laws do not apply to him. Hannibal may fuck, attack, and kill openly as he sees fit, as the law allows omegas, to prevent them being mounted by undeserving or unwanted alphas. He passes by a couple already knotted and locked, the omega whimpering sweetly beneath her alpha's weight, the alpha purring and petting her and telling her what a good little breeder she is.

Hannibal's upper lip curls. He certainly hopes his suitor is not so crass. Hannibal has no desire to breed – he takes no suppressants, but is on birth control, and alphas with particularly discerning noses would be able to smell that. But it's no matter; this isn't about conception, just shared dominance and submission, the heat and the hunt for it.

The path turns, and rises up a hill, and Hannibal growls to himself but runs up it, keeping his breathing steady so he does not become winded. He turns, head tilted and ears pricked for the sounds of pursuit. The alpha rounds the corner as well, Hannibal's jacket clutched in his hand, and snarls at him.

Hannibal smiles, and keeps running.

He runs for another half mile before a sudden loose rock turns beneath his heel, and he stumbles, cursing to himself at the misstep. It is apparently all the alpha needed, as seconds later Hannibal is slammed against a tree, shoulder colliding harshly, and a hand goes to his hair. Hannibal snarls, and turns, jabbing fiercely at the man's knee, watches with a distinct pleasure as he snarls and snaps his teeth together, but buckles, and loosens his hold.

He does not let go, but rises, claws tearing at Hannibal's remaining clothes, and his fingers find Hannibal's opening, dig around the cup and yank it free, tossing it away. The gush of slick that follows makes Hannibal shiver, moaning softly, and the alpha smiles at him, and purrs, nose to his neck and teeth bared to keep him down as he ruts his hard cock against Hannibal's thigh.

"There you are," he says, low and rough. His fingers sink into Hannibal's entrance, easing more slick from him, and Hannibal snarls and bites him hard on the ear. He sheds blood, and the alpha flinches, but doesn't move away. "Hah, you've got some spirit in you, dontcha?"

Before Hannibal can reply, he adds; "Good. I like it when you little bitches put up a fight."

Outrage floods Hannibal's head, and he snarls, and reaches back, yanking the man's fingers out of him and snapping his wrist without a word. He *despises* that kind of talk. The alpha howls, dropping Hannibal's jacket and cradling his wrist, and snarls, showing his large fangs.

"You'll pay for that," he hisses.

There is a sound, sudden and loud, an echoing gunshot. Hannibal blinks, as the alpha does, and blood blooms in a wide circle on his chest. He chokes, clutching at it, and falls to his knees, then to the side, the red fading from his eyes as they glaze over and go blank.

Hannibal lifts his gaze. It's getting difficult to see – the gold denoting him as omega has flooded his iris, so he sees not trees, not people, but heat signatures. Still, he is able to pick out the shape of another alpha, sees the red in his eyes. Sees the thick, cold, but recognizable shape of a gun in his hand, hanging limp and long by his side.

He swallows. A gun changes things. Hannibal might be 'spirited', but he's not stupid. An alpha brazen enough to cheat and bring a firearm into the hunting grounds is not one to be trifled with when he's compromised.

He breathes in, tastes blood and gunpowder on his tongue, and shakes his head to try and clear it. This alpha smells *wonderful*, much better than the other, and Hannibal rubs at his eyes, trying to get them to clear, so he can see more of his face. Still, when he looks again, all he can note is wild, brown hair curling around the alpha's head, and his wide, sharp smile. Off-kilter, the cat slowly prowling towards the trapped mouse.

The alpha hefts his gun, and approaches, and bends down to pick up Hannibal's jacket. He presses it to his nose and mouth and breathes in deeply, eyes flashing, and lets out a snarl that, despite himself, makes Hannibal shiver and slicken with anticipation.

"I'm going to keep this, if that's alright with you," he says, and Hannibal blinks at him again. The man's voice is softer than he anticipated, contains no growl commonly associated with alphas in the presence of an in-heat omega. It makes him ache, desperately, wanting to know what he might do to get this alpha to growl.

The alpha smiles at him, all fangs. "This is the part where you run," he purrs.

Hannibal swallows, and pulls his pants back up, and takes off, cup and jacket forgotten. He listens for the sounds of pursuit, and finds none, and frowns, looking behind himself, slowing. Nothing – no sign or scent of the alpha.

His frown deepens, and he huffs an aggravated growl. In the hunting grounds, it's unlikely for him to find another unattached person to chase him, which means he must leave, and lure another. He walks to one of the public stations, stocked and guarded by betas, and takes one

of the courtesy robes from them, shrugging it on. He's not completely indecent, but more than he'd like to be, and the scent of his slick is very, very heavy.

He bares his teeth at a passing omega, causing them to flinch from him with a low whimper, and rolls his shoulders, huffing at his own behavior. His thoughts keep turning to that alpha, who took it upon himself to outright slaughter a competitor, took Hannibal's jacket, but made no move to claim him. It makes him angry, annoys him greatly, for he cannot understand why.

He growls, and breathes in deeply, and freezes.

That scent…

There it is, sharp, something crisp and wild. Like sap from maple trees and the crush of grass underfoot. Hannibal's mouth floods with saliva, and he turns towards the trees. Snarls, lowly, and shrugs off his robe, hanging it on a nearby branch, and ducks back into the hunting grounds.

He breathes in, and catches a trace of the alpha again. His tucks his fingers around a branch and lifts it to his nose, finds a smattering of his scent. Breathes in again, and smells urine, and knows it belongs to that alpha. His upper lip twitches, showing his teeth – bold, for him to mark public territory as his own.

He steps onto a path, and sucks in a breath, seeing his jacket discarded on the ground. He goes to it, nostrils flaring, and brings it to his nose. There's something wet, and warm, and the scent of the alpha's seed floods his lungs.

Unbidden, a whine springs from his throat. His fingers flex around his jacket, and he lets it drop again. Oh, this alpha is positively *incendiary*.

He doesn't hesitate – his hands are shaking, and his stomach feels empty, and hollow. He needs to find this man.

He takes off at a sprint – the alpha clearly doesn't care who notices him, who chases him. Hannibal sprints past another mated pair, two males still in the process of working towards a knot. The alpha notices, and snarls as he passes by.

"Wait!" Hannibal doesn't wait, and feels a pang of sympathy as the omega is evidently discarded, and the alpha begins to chase him. He looks behind himself, sees only orange and purple of the man's heated skin, and runs faster.

He hears the alpha gaining ground – he's large, and so close Hannibal can smell him – and then there's a ragged snarl, and a grunt, and Hannibal slows, turning, to see that same alpha lunging at the other, pinning him to the ground. Blood arcs between them, red and hot, and Hannibal gasps at the sight of the alpha's hands tearing through the other man's throat.

In his distraction, he is attacked. A female alpha gets her teeth in his neck before he can fight her off, forcing him to submit lest he suffer her bite. She snarls, wrenches his arm behind his

back and shoves his clothes out of the way, her engorged clitoris rutting against his slick hole and pushing inside.

Hannibal shivers, growling, lashes fluttering despite himself. He tilts his head forward to show his nape, and her fangs sink into him, hard enough to welt – not to break skin, but certainly threaten it. She mounts him brutally, strong enough to keep him pinned and tall enough that she can cover his body almost entirely.

Then, she's gone. Hannibal gasps, denied *again*, and turns with a snarl, blinking in surprise when the alpha with the gun hauls the female back by her hair and throws her to the ground. He shoots her, twice, in the face, and Hannibal watches as the heat in her body rapidly cools, and fades to a dull blue.

The alpha is *awash* with red, and Hannibal's neck stings, his shoulder aches sharply, and his entire body feels so hollow and empty – it sees this creature, this borderline feral beast, and wants it. Hannibal cannot remember wanting anything so badly in his life.

Following an instinct he forcefully represses during his non-heat days, he whimpers. The alpha's eyes snap to him, wide and black. He's burning, so warm – oh, he'll make a good alpha, Hannibal's brain purrs to him. He's strong, he knows how to kill. The blood on his hands makes them appear cold, but Hannibal knows he is burning hot, surrounded by so much sweltering heat.

The alpha cocks his head to one side, and steps forward. He's still fully-clothed – out of character for the hunting grounds. Hannibal licks his lips, lets out a sweet, placative whine again, and pushes himself to his feet.

The alpha's eyes narrow, and he breathes in. "You," he says, and Hannibal nods – of course, the alpha is likely similarly blind, sees only heat and threat. "You came back."

"Yes," Hannibal replies, and his voice is so hoarse. He swallows, and clears his throat. "I did."

"Why?"

"You killed my hunting partner," Hannibal says. "I sought to find a new one."

The alpha's lips spread, showing all of his teeth. The sight of them makes Hannibal's entire body shiver, clenching with heat, aching, *aching*. For all his normal control, he feels it silently, swiftly, slipping away in the presence of this alpha.

The alpha lifts his chin, scenting the air, and snarls lowly. He takes a step forward, and Hannibal doesn't retreat. He sucks in a breath, head clouding with the scent of this alpha – the wild, unashamed feral tint to his scent, the blood on his hands and around his mouth.

He hums, and lifts his gun-wielding hand, smiling wide. "Why aren't you running?" he purrs.

Hannibal smiles. "Would you like me to?"

His eyes flash. "No," he says.

Hannibal swallows, and lowers his eyes. He sucks in another breath, and slowly starts to shed his clothes. He lets them drop, and when he is bare, he sinks to his knees. The alpha's snarl rumbles through the air between them, prompts Hannibal to whine and lower his head, between his tensed arms.

"Oh, you are interesting, aren't you?" the alpha purrs, and approaches him. He lowers his gun and puts the muzzle to Hannibal's hair. It's still warm, and smells of gunpowder. He tilts his head and nuzzles the alpha's leg.

"Ah, no," he snaps, and crouches, fitting his warm, blood-soaked palm beneath Hannibal's chin and forcing him to lift his head. He smiles, and this close Hannibal can see him better, through the haze – see a strong jaw covered in a thin beard, pink, soft-looking lips, sharp eyes that shine with an animal intelligence; a tiny ring of natural blue around the red.

The alpha smiles, showing his large fangs, and gently nudges the muzzle of his gun against Hannibal's lower lip.

Hannibal doesn't shy back, but turns his head so it butts against his cheek. "What is your name?"

"Will," the alpha says. "Yours?"

"Hannibal."

Will's smile widens, slides to an angle, and he taps his gun against Hannibal's mouth again. Hannibal opens, not quite understanding why, but loving the rumble of pleasure Will lets out when he does. The sights click against his teeth, rake over the sensitive roof of his mouth, and the gun is almost too hot and unyielding, and Will pushes it until the trigger guard touches Hannibal's lower lip. His eyes water, and he whines, instinctively asking for the alpha's mercy.

Will's nostrils flare. "You like this, don't you?" he murmurs, head tilting. His hand is still tight on Hannibal's jaw, keeping his mouth open, dripping saliva since he can't form a seal around Will's gun. "I can smell how wet you are, sweetheart – that for me, or for one of them?"

He jerks his head towards the bodies, and snarls.

Of course, Hannibal cannot answer, plugged as he is, so he simply moans and lifts a hand, gently touching Will's strong, broad shoulder, and hopes that gets the message across.

Will laughs, and yanks the gun from his mouth. Hannibal coughs, wincing at the lingering taste, and looks up as Will tucks his gun into one of the inner pockets of his jacket, and begins to unbutton and unzip his jeans. Hannibal rears up, pawing at his thighs, and Will takes the gun out again, and he earns another tap of it to his temple for his trouble.

"No," Will snaps, and Hannibal flinches when he hears the hammer pulled back, the safety flicked off, if it was ever on. "Get on your hands and knees."

Hannibal swallows, and obeys.

Will circles him, dragging his gun down the slope of Hannibal's spine, and sinks to his knees between Hannibal's, nudging them further apart so he's lower to the ground. Hannibal whimpers as Will drags his gun down farther, and presses it against where Hannibal is slick and open.

He gasps, tensing as Will pushes in with the gun. The sight nicks his sensitive rim and Hannibal groans, dropping to his elbows, and Will laughs as he pushes back, his body knowing only the desperate need for fullness, knowing only the scent of this alpha and of blood, knowing this man killed for the right to his attention, to his heat.

Will pulls the gun out savagely, snarls, and replaces it with his cock. He fits his free hand to Hannibal's nape, digs his nails around the welt from the female like it personally offends him, and clenches up tightly, forcing Hannibal back so he has to take all of Will in one thrust. Hannibal moans loudly, trembling all over, finally, *yes*. He moans Will's name, tosses his head as Will starts to fuck him brutally, like he's nothing more than a wet, open hole – no man attached, nothing but something to stick Will's gun or cock or whatever else he feels like into.

It's ownership, casual and complete, and maybe Hannibal would hate it on any other day, but Will is so *intriguing*. His behavior, both wild and controlled, feral and restrained. The way he laughs when he's being mean. The beautiful way the red in his eyes matches the growing pool of blood around his victims. Hannibal hasn't felt this strong an attraction to anyone in his life.

He clenches up, eager for Will – for his knot, for his savagery. Will groans, stuttering, and drags his nails down Hannibal's back, raising thick red lines. Hannibal is panting, desperate for it, so slick it gushes down his thighs and pools between his knees, so wet the sound of Will entering him is louder than they are.

Will grunts, and reaches down, fisting Hannibal's cock – ah, not completely devoid of kindness. Hannibal feels his teeth on his shoulder and tenses, but finds the idea of Will biting him, marking him, not wholly unpleasant.

Will breathes in deep, and snarls. "Next time I find you, sweetheart, you better be fucking fertile," he says, dark with threat, low with promise. Hannibal finds himself nodding before he can think about it. "Shouldn't waste my knot on you, but you want it, don't you? You chased me and tracked me down and practically begged for it."

He did – if taking a gun isn't tantamount to a plea, Hannibal doesn't know what is.

He tightens up around Will, lowers himself with a moan so that Will's cock is more purposely driven, rutting against the base of his cervix. It aches, blooms with a dull throb, something different and somehow worse than the chasm of need inside him. He doesn't want to breed, but he would, if Will asked. He might do anything Will asked.

Will tightens his hand, snarling against his back, and shoves the muzzle of his gun up under Hannibal's throat. Hannibal whimpers, tightening, the threat of death, of pain, igniting him further. He turns his head when Will pulls the hammer back again, removes the gun, and moans when Will shoots, so close to his ear that his head rings.

He hears a groan, and sees another person drop – cannot tell if it's male of female. It doesn't matter. His head is spinning, and it's as he realizes Will killed another person for even *daring* to come so close, he comes, spilling over Will's hand.

"That's it," Will snarls. "Good boy."

He pets Hannibal's neck with his gun, and grunts, going still, pressing deep, rutting to soothe the ache in his cock that wants his knot to swell, to tie them together. Hannibal moans for it, begs wordlessly, reaching back to grip Will's thigh.

Will snaps his teeth around his flank, bites down hard enough to break skin. Hannibal shivers, and drops his hand, knowing a punishment when he gets one. For whatever reason, Will doesn't want Hannibal to touch him. Perhaps he fears bearing marks of his own.

Will's knot is huge, and plugs him up perfectly, and Hannibal closes his eyes and shivers as Will starts to come, flooding him on the inside, so warm and heavy it feels like the aftereffects of a good meal. Hannibal arches, seeking Will's heat, his strength, and the alpha drops his gun and rakes claws of both hands down Hannibal's chest, grips his soft stomach.

He tightens his grip, and pulls out, his knot so large that it hurts. Hannibal whimpers, bares his teeth as he's denied, and flinches as Will continues to come, coating his ass and thighs, his back. He circles Hannibal and grips his hair, angles his cock and finishes on his face, so much that it drips thick and warm from his nose, his lashes, his lips.

Will sighs, and lets his cock go, knot still a huge splotch of orange in Hannibal's vision. He smears his seed through Hannibal's hair, and shoves his thumb into his mouth, demanding with a snarl that he suck it clean.

He does, and is glad to see Will smile.

Will leaves him, then – gathers his gun and straightens his clothes. He goes to the freshest body and rolls it onto its back, and fits his teeth to its neck, peeling away a huge chunk of still-warm flesh. He swallows it, and takes another, and returns to Hannibal.

He grips Hannibal's filthy hair, and tilts him up. Hannibal's lips part, knowing what Will intends, and Will doesn't kiss him, doesn't feed it to him, but lets it drop into his mouth. He spits, after, and Hannibal takes it all, and swallows it with a grateful moan.

Will lets him go, and lets his gun hang again.

"Will," Hannibal rasps, mouth sore and wet, body still clenching to try and find the knot he was so cruelly denied. He reaches out, and Will steps back, and pulls a fresh magazine out of his jacket pocket, unloading and reloading, and the sound of the slide clicking into place makes Hannibal moan.

He tilts his head.

"Please," Hannibal whispers, trying again. His flank aches sharply from Will's bite, he's trembling and soaked and, he's sure, coated with both blood and seed; a ruined mess, utterly

laid to waste by this alpha with such a lovely, wild scent.

Will smiles at him, and approaches silently. He crouches, and cups Hannibal's face, and leans in. Hannibal's lips part in readiness, but Will, again, doesn't kiss him. He licks between Hannibal's teeth, a single tease of tongue that tastes of blood, and stands, letting him go again.

"Come find me when you're thinking straight," he says, aloof and purring. Hannibal lifts his head and sees him smiling. "I don't mate, but…" His head tilts, and his smile is so, so *wide*. "I think you and I could have a lot of fun together."

Hannibal swallows. "How will I find you?" he whispers.

Will arches a brow. "Oh, forgetting my scent already? Let me remind you." He steps close again, puts his gun to the back of Hannibal's head, and unzips his jeans, pulling his cock back out. Hannibal gasps, blinking down at his hands, as he smells, and then feels, Will's urine coating his shoulders, his back. Will moves his gun so he can soak his hair, and walks around him, coaxing Hannibal's thighs apart with his feet so he can mark him there, too.

Hannibal shivers, gasping, utterly *drenched* in Will. Will tucks himself back in with another low laugh, and thumbs at the stinging bite mark he placed.

"You really are very pretty," he murmurs, like an afterthought. "It'd be a shame if you disappointed."

The compliment and the barb hit Hannibal at the same time, and he lifts to his knees, rubbing his hands over his come-streaked face and wincing when Will's urine and seed drip out of him, staining the ground. Even by the standards of the hunting grounds, Will has acted very wildly. Anyone Hannibal encounters on his way home will know, without a doubt, that he has been marked and claimed by this alpha.

He swallows, and licks his teeth, tasting the kill on them, and lifts his eyes. His vision is starting to clear, his heat soothed by a knot and an alpha presence. He blinks up at Will, and doesn't think he's seen a more striking man in all his life – not just for what he's done, but Will holds power in him like a cloak. A prime alpha; one worthy of not just Hannibal's heat, but the rest of him as well.

He bares his teeth in a smile that makes Will answer in kind. "I'll find you," he says; a threatening promise of his own.

Will grins, and purrs for him in a way that makes Hannibal ache all over again. "Good," he replies. "I want you to."

With that, he turns away, not looking back at Hannibal nor the bodies of the alphas he killed. Hannibal sinks to his heels, trembling and cold, used to an alpha covering him in post-coital haze, purring and soothing him down from the adrenaline rush of the chase. Will provided none of that, but in their absence, Hannibal finds himself seized with a very particular kind of desperation.

Will hunted him, and claimed him, without laying a single mating bite or using any alpha command. When the time is right, Hannibal will find him, and show Will just what, exactly, he got himself into.

Chapter 2

It takes two weeks for Hannibal to find Will again. The alpha wasn't particularly difficult to track down, but Hannibal is nothing if not methodical, and takes his time when he's on a hunt, to make sure he knows the terrain and any potential obstacles before he strikes.

It turns out Will lives in a little white house in the middle of an open field, in Northern Virginia. This begs the question why he was in Baltimore during the heat, but the isolated choice suits him, Hannibal thinks – Will doesn't seem like the kind of alpha who enjoys the company of other people.

And, a small part of him that purrs and shows its golden eyes says, *maybe he went that far to find you.*

He crouches down in the trees, wincing when the scarring bite mark on his side pulls and aches sharply. Will bit him deeper than Hannibal originally thought, and it seemed to take days before Hannibal smelled like himself again. He had his birth control implant removed last week, and waited until he knew he was potentially fertile again, as per Will's command. He has, with him, the morning after pill, as well as a few choice implements in a bag slung across his shoulders.

Namely, a knife, and restraints.

He waits until nightfall. Waits, and watches, as Will lets his dogs out to relieve themselves in the field around his house. Watches the alpha, all sleek lines and calm assurance that he's safe and in control of his environment. Without the heat blindness, Hannibal can see him better, and is pleased to note that Will is just as beautiful, just as thoroughly tempting, as his memory promised – he has thick, wildly curling hair, the perfect length to pet and tug. A strong jaw, sharp features, and wonderfully bright eyes.

Hannibal watches, as Will calls for his dogs to come back in, and closes the door. Waits, until Will turns all the lights off. Waits an hour longer. The air is still and cold, and he knows his scent will not come to Will before he does.

Smiling, ready, he rises, and walks in silence towards the house.

He hears Will's dogs snoring inside, and goes to the back of the house, testing the door. It's unlocked, and his lips spread in a smile, and he opens it without a sound. He hears Will's dogs rumble and woof at attention, drawn by the motion and his scent, and he steps back and tosses out a few choice cuts of meat onto the ground behind him. They seem more than content to accept his offer, and Hannibal takes out a length of rope, threading it through each of their collars, and ties them in a ring at the back door handle, so they do not wander off.

Will is a prime alpha, and Hannibal doesn't want to displease him by losing his pack. He throws a few more pieces of meat to them, earning their favor and attention, and circles the house again. He brought several cuts with him in a cooler, hoping to offer them to Will

himself, but brought more than enough for the dogs. He shrugs off the bag and legs it hang in his hand, and tests the front door.

Unlocked as well. Will is very confident, or very foolish.

Or, the golden-eyed part of him whispers again, *he was hoping you would come.*

The screen creaks, and Hannibal pauses, wincing, his shadow casting a long line across the open space. He sees the pile of dog beds by the fireplace, a little hallway that extends to a kitchen and a tucked-away staircase, and Will, sprawled out and asleep on a single mattress by the door. There is enough space on either side for him to walk, and a light covering of blankets and sheets. The air stinks of him, that pleasant, sweetly-sharp scent that has teased Hannibal for weeks.

He closes the door and goes to the kitchen, setting the cooler within the fridge, and takes out his handcuffs, his rope, and his knife.

He returns, just enough light from the rising moon letting him see in the darkness, see the pale arch of Will's exposed throat, his bare shoulder. He smiles, and eyes the space. Will has no headboard, no place for Hannibal to attach him to, but that's alright – he's nothing if not adaptable.

He approaches, relying on the scent-deadening deodorant to hide him from Will's nose. It will come off, as he sweats, and his stomach clenches with anticipation of feeling this alpha beneath him, of hearing his snarls and growls and seeing his eyes turn red.

He kneels down and carefully unwinds the rope, threading it beneath the mattress, and pulls it up along the bottom, until it's level with Will's chest. He pulls the ends together and ties it into a strong knot above Will's head, and then places a second piece and leaves it just shy of the rise in his blankets where his feet are.

Will stirs, and Hannibal lunges with a growl, straddling Will's chest and fitting a hand against his throat as his eyes open. Will snarls at him instinctively, and then his eyes flash in recognition. Despite the tight grip Hannibal has on his throat, he smiles, wide enough to show his teeth.

"Hey, sweetheart," he purrs. He hasn't noticed the ropes yet. His hands move, free themselves from the blankets, and flatten warm and wide on Hannibal's back, dragging up like a lover's caress. His fingers halt, and hesitate, at the jut of the knife tucked into Hannibal's belt. His eyes flash, he arches a single brow.

Hannibal smiles at him, and takes one of Will's hands, sealing the cuff around his wrist. Will's eyes darken, flickering red, and his nostrils flare as he growls, lifting his chin. Before he can buck Hannibal off, Hannibal grabs his second wrist, pins his hands above his head, and works the chain around the knot of rope, and binds his second arm. Will tugs, and looks up, and laughs. When his eyes meet Hannibal's, they're dark and warm with pride. "Clever boy."

Hannibal shivers, flushing despite himself at the obvious pleasure in Will's voice. He flattens his hand on Will's neck again, and rises so that he can peel the blankets down to his waist,

then off, revealing only underwear. He squeezes Will's throat, and releases, moving back and taking the final two pieces of rope, tying his ankles to the loop around his mattress. He tugs, to do it, so Will is stretched long, his arms bulging with muscle as he twists and tries to fight his hands free.

In the silence, Will's purr is loud. He grins at Hannibal like he did before, two weeks ago, as if he still has all the power here. "This is quite the surprise," he says. Hannibal growls at him, aggravated for a reason he can't quite explain at the fact that Will still looks more smug than anything else, as if Hannibal is doing exactly what he wanted.

"I'm only sorry I took so long," he replies. He sheds his coat, and pulls out the knife, straddling Will's hips.

Will's eyes flash, at that, and he shows his teeth.

"Guns aren't intimate," Hannibal purrs, unsheathing it and placing the leather holder to one side. The knife itself is short, sharp enough to split a raindrop in two, and gleams dully in the silver moonlight. "They don't require nearly as much skill as a blade."

Will laughs. He tilts his head back as though in offering, as Hannibal lets the knife hang loosely from his fingertips, and draws a thin line up the center of his chest to rest in the hollow of his throat. His eyes are dark, and he stares up at Hannibal through lowered lashes.

Still, he smiles, so pretty and proud. "You wanna mark me, sweetheart?" he purrs, and Hannibal swallows, and his fingers curl. "I might even let you." Hannibal tilts his head, brows rising at Will's confidence – he's bound, and pinned, and still speaks like he's the one in control. "Show me what I did to you."

Hannibal shivers at the cool brush of Will's voice down his back, caressing him like a physical thing. He lays the knife down, and unbuttons his shirt, pushing it off and letting it fall around their feet. Will swallows, and Hannibal smiles as he feels Will's cock twitch between his thighs, hardening at the sight of his teeth marks still firmly planted along Hannibal's waist.

Will breathes in deeply, and lets out another low, outraged noise, nostrils flaring. "Come here," he demands. "Show me that pretty neck."

Hannibal isn't honestly sure why he obeys – he tells himself it's an indulgence, a small tease for Will to think he's still in control before Hannibal has his way, but in reality, he does it because Will asked him to. He drags his fingers along his throat, rubbing away the scent-deadening spray, and prowls up Will's body, leaning down so Will can lift his head. He licks over Hannibal's pulse and Hannibal shivers, one hand sliding to Will's hair, cupping his skull so he can place a single, warm, open-mouthed kiss on Hannibal's throat.

Will's purr grows louder, and he relaxes with a sated sigh. He's hard now, fully, warm and thick between Hannibal's legs, and Hannibal can't resist the urge to grind down upon him, seeking more. "Good boy," Will purrs, rolling his hips to tease Hannibal further. He tilts his chin up, baring his neck. "Go on – do your worst."

Hannibal smiles, feral and wide. Oh, Will has no idea what Hannibal's 'worst' is. He wonders if Will thinks he won't have the stomach for what he wants to do – he brought a knife, but will not use it. Tied Will down, but soon will release him and beg for his knot. Hannibal has no intention of proving him right.

He wonders, briefly, if Will is simply insane, and doesn't know danger when he's in it. He doesn't seem to give a damn what Hannibal threatens him with – of course, this alpha is a man of action. He must be.

So Hannibal smiles, and takes the knife in hand again. He tilts his head, considering – he wants Will strong enough by the end to still be able to mount him, if he can. Wonders how much he could rip, and tear, and tease, and still incense Will to strike back. He has all the time in the world to figure out what makes this alpha break.

He turns the knife, lays the edge of it against Will's chest, under his collarbone and in line his nipple, and carves a stroke between them. Will's nostrils flare and he grits his teeth, body tensing beneath Hannibal's as he cuts, straight and precise. Blood wells up in the wake of his knife, bright and beautifully red, and warm. The scent of it makes Hannibal's mouth water, makes his stomach tighten and his thighs grow slick with desire.

He lifts his knife at the edge of Will's nipple, and cuts a second one on the other side, grinning in grim satisfaction as Will moans, lashes fluttering as Hannibal cuts him. Then, he carves a line between them, forming a wide 'H' across Will's chest.

He didn't intend to mark Will so obviously, but cannot deny the heavy, satisfied purr that rumbles in his throat, once he's finished. Will is panting, now, sweat shining on his pale skin, the flush on his cheeks racing down to stain his neck and chest.

He bares his teeth when Hannibal meets his eyes.

His upper lip curls back in a wild-looking snarl, his iris all-red now, and demands, soft and cutting as Hannibal's knife; "Lick it up."

Hannibal blinks at him, surprised, but cannot fight the sharp curl of arousal in his skull as he lowers the knife, and leans in to do just that. Will tastes just like his scent, sweet and iron-laced; like a killer, an alpha that in the old days would conquer kingdoms. The kind that could send omegas to their knees with just a look. Even though Will is injured, Hannibal is the one trembling.

Will snarls as Hannibal's hands flatten on his chest, spread out wide. Hannibal remembers how much Will avoided touch, the last time they met – well, now he has no choice. He tells himself that if Will did genuinely ask him to stop, if he smells even a hint of fear on Will, he will stop, but he's not so sure the thought is completely honest.

He licks Will clean, admiring the bead of fresh blood. He didn't cut deep, but it will scar, it will linger long after Hannibal does. Assuming he intends to leave – Will may earn his affections yet.

He straightens, and slides a hand down his own belly, below the waistband of his suit pants, and cradles his cock with a low moan. Will's nostrils flare, undoubtedly able to smell how wet Hannibal is, and his entire body vibrates with a wanton snarl. Hannibal leans down again, holds Will's damp hair with his free hand, and rests their foreheads together as he touches himself.

Will grins at him. "Don't tell me you're suddenly shy," he taunts, and laughs when Hannibal growls at him. "Get undressed, sweetheart – let me see you."

Hannibal yanks on his hair, plants his teeth against Will's jaw. "You're not in control, here," he hisses. Hannibal made sure of it – whatever power Will has over him, from tasting Hannibal's blood, Hannibal waited until it faded away, so that Will could not possibly influence him. And yet he still can – somehow, maybe his bloodline or maybe his soul, something bone-deep that calls to Hannibal in kind, and makes him ache.

He pulls on Will's hair again for emphasis, and then rears back, because it's starting to get uncomfortable to keep his cock trapped. He stands over Will, shedding the rest of his clothes, baring himself to Will.

Will's eyes flash, and he wets his lips, parts them to show Hannibal his teeth. Hannibal sits back down on him, over his thighs, and reaches into the hole at the front of Will's underwear, spreading his slick- and his blood-covered hand over the alpha's cock, before he pulls it out. Will growls, jaw clenched tight, arching up into the touch as Hannibal strokes him.

Hannibal smiles, seeing a crack in Will's façade, the feral thing that pissed in the woods and marked him as thoroughly as possible, that gunned down any alpha he saw for the right to mount Hannibal, rearing its head and blinking at him with red eyes. Hannibal leans down, gathers bloody saliva in his mouth, and lets it drip, staining the head of Will's flushed, leaking cock.

He didn't really get to look at it before, so he admires Will openly now – the blood staining his chest, pooling in his belly and throat and leaking onto his mattress. His strong arms, bound above his head. His thighs, quivering and thick with muscle beneath Hannibal's hand. His cock is long and thick, and Hannibal thumbs at the loose skin at the base where his knot will form, once he's inside Hannibal. Hannibal growls, and leans down, sucks the head into his mouth and moans at the taste of Will's precum, salty and sharp.

Will moans, the sound surprisingly breathy and weak, and Hannibal lifts his eyes to see Will blinking at the ceiling, his lips parted in a quiet gasp. His fingers are white around the cuffs, tugging and kneading at them.

Hannibal purrs, and takes Will as deep as he can, until the protesting spasm of his throat stops him going deeper. Will snarls, *loud*, snaps his teeth together with an audible click, and bucks up, forcing himself all the way into Hannibal's throat. Hannibal chokes, gags, but holds himself there, breathing in the scent of blood and sweat around the bunch of Will's underwear. Tongues at the loose piece of skin and purrs when Will trembles.

He pulls off, suddenly so impatient he can barely see. His eyes itch, his teeth are too dry, and the edges of Will are growing dull and black, orange in the middle where he burns brightest.

He crawls into place on Will's lap and angles his cock until it breaches Hannibal's entrance, and slams his hips down with a loud collision of damp skin.

Will's snarl echoes in a chorus to Hannibal's moan, and he tosses his head, gasping at the feeling of Will penetrating him as deeply as he can. His cock hits the bottom of Hannibal's cervix, blooming a dull ache inside him that he pushes his palm against, and he starts to move, riding Will fiercely, his other hand stroking his cock in a tight counterrhythm.

"*Hannibal*," Will breathes, and oh, Hannibal could listen to his name on Will's tongue for the rest of his life. He smiles, tips his head back, teasing Will with the exposed, unmarked length of his throat, his exposed chest and shoulders – all places alphas like to bite, and claw at. The cuffs clink as Will tugs on them, the ropes around Will's head and ankles drag against the mattress as he writhes, trying to join in, but between the restraints and Hannibal's weight, he can't do much more than lie there and take it.

Hannibal bows forward, and wraps his fingers around the knot of rope above Will's head. Will gasps, gazing up at him like he just discovered Hannibal hung the moon, and Hannibal leans down, teases Will with a soft swipe of his tongue over the alpha's lower lip. Will did not kiss him, and though Hannibal aches with the desire to, he resists.

He's sweating, and knows with each moment, the scent of his slick and his fertile blood is making its way into Will's throat, fogging his head and driving him mad with the desire to mark, to breed. Will is a wild, snarling thing below him, and his eyes are all-red now, blazing in the darkness.

Hannibal moans, as Will's cock ruts against his prostate. He strokes himself tighter, faster, grinding down fiercely onto Will's cock, and comes with another heavy breath, spilling thick and warm on Will's belly, high enough to mingle with the blood staining his chest. He knows it must sting, but Will merely blinks, nostrils flaring, and wets his dry mouth with his tongue.

Hannibal smiles, and drags his nails across the middle of the 'H', gathering blood, and shoves his dirty fingers into Will's mouth. Watches, as Will's cheeks hollow, he sucks them clean and forces his tongue between Hannibal's fingers, wanting to get all of it. Greedy, ravenous.

Hannibal rises off him, and Will snarls in outrage. "Get the fuck back where you were," he demands.

Hannibal laughs at him, and holds Will's head in both hands, moving up his body until he's sitting on Will's bloody chest. "You're not in control, darling," he purrs, and cradles Will's head, lifts him up, and feeds Will his soft cock. Will doesn't want to mate, and so he knows the alpha will not bite, but still, Will takes it with a threatening show of teeth, and Hannibal shivers as Will sucks at his sensitive flesh, neck and shoulders straining as he bobs his head and takes Hannibal all the way down.

Hannibal smiles, and pets his hair in a way almost soothing. "I bet you're slowly going mad, aren't you, Will?" he murmurs. Will shoots him an accusing glare, but Hannibal doesn't let him stop. Omegas are blessed with a much faster recovery period than alphas, and already Hannibal is beginning to harden. Soon, it will be difficult for Will to take all of him in this position.

He reaches behind himself, fingers rubbing through the slick leaking steadily from his ass, and he smears them over Will's eyes, under his nose, up through his hair. Will snarls, loud even with Hannibal's cock in his mouth. It's getting to the point where Will cannot keep going, so Hannibal holds him steady by hair and nape, and rolls his hips, slowly using Will's mouth.

"Did you think it would happen like this?" Hannibal taunts, watching as Will's lashes flutter, his shoulders roll and drop, arms going lax as he fights for air. "Did you think I would find you, and drop to my knees, and beg you to mount me?" He laughs, as Will's eyes flash up. He presses deep in answer, relishing the squeeze of Will's abused throat, admiring the way his lips have turned swollen and dark. "I'm not that kind of omega, darling – you're a fool if you thought I was."

Will snarls, knuckles going white, and Hannibal sighs, fucking forward again and sunk as deep as possible, as he releases into Will's mouth. Will chokes, shuddering, as Hannibal floods his throat. He can't swallow it all, and a thick trail of come leaks from the corners of his mouth, before Hannibal pulls back, allowing him air.

Hannibal leans down, nuzzling his sweaty hair. "I'm going to break you apart," he promises. "By the end of it, you'll be begging for me to stop."

Will snarls at him, the sound wet and throaty with abuse. He swallows, and tilts his head up, eyeing the cuffs. There are deep, red chafe marks around his wrists now, and Hannibal knows that the same can be said for his ankles.

Will's gaze lowers to his, and he licks his bruised lips. "I don't beg," he says, and Hannibal's brows rise. He smiles.

"We'll see about that," he purrs in reply, and without further ceremony, he sinks back onto Will's cock. He sighs, thoroughly enjoying the way Will feels inside him, rutting his hips down and riding Will lazily, in no hurry for a third orgasm. Will's stomach tenses up, his thighs clench and lift, and he moans weakly as Hannibal goes tight around him.

The bloody cuts on Will's chest have started to dry and clot, and so Hannibal takes his knife, slowly rolling his hips as he reopens them with the tip of the blade, drags his fingers behind it and lifts them to his mouth to lick them clean. Will watches him do it, ravenous, eyes glazed with pain and pleasure in equal amounts.

Hannibal isn't as familiar with Will as if he were a regular bedfellow, but he knows how to read an alpha – can see in the clench of Will's jaw, the flare of his nostrils, the movement of his throat and the heave of his chest, that he's getting close. He can feel the teasing swell of Will's knot as it begins to grow.

He sighs, pretending to lose himself to it – though it's not all pretense, he can admit – and grinds himself down onto Will's cock, stroking his own erection until he spills, once again, over Will's belly. Then, when Will groans and stutters and his knot is trying to press into Hannibal, ready to lock and tie them together, Hannibal lifts from him again.

The snarl Will lets out shakes him to his bones.

Hannibal smiles, and pets a hand through his hair. He stands, rolling his shoulders, and lets his expression turn into one of pleased satisfaction.

"You performed admirably," he says, and bends down to grab his clothes. He can feel Will's stare burning into him, but when he looks back at the alpha, Will's jaw is clenched stubbornly shut. Hannibal grins at him, and pulls his underwear and suit pants up, fastening them. He shrugs on his shirt, and lets it hang open for now, and gathers his knife, tucking it into the waistband.

"I think I'll use you one more time, before I leave," he says, and Will's eyes flash. He lets out a dark, outraged noise. "Wait here."

He laughs, for Will can't possibly get free, and goes to the kitchen.

He ambles to the fridge, distinctly pleased at the ache in his thighs as he does, and pulls out the cooler, and hears movement. Before he can turn, Will is on him, slamming him over the kitchen counter. He yanks Hannibal's knife free and cuts his clothes off, and then holds it to his throat.

"You arrogant, fucking *perfect* -." Will snarls, darkly into his ear. Hannibal shivers, and Will's free hand flattens on his chest. Hannibal can feel a blister of heat on his palm, and looks down to see Will's thumb joint swollen and darkly bruised.

He smiles. He didn't expect Will to go so far as to dislocate his thumb to get out of the cuffs, but he is more than happy to have underestimated him. The other manacle hangs around Will's knife-wielding hand, and his ankles still have the coil of ropes around them. He must have torn the main one free.

He digs the knife into Hannibal's neck, hard enough to threaten drawing blood, and Hannibal groans as Will grabs him tightly, holds him fast, and sinks his cock deep into Hannibal's ass. As close as Hannibal got him, he doesn't last long, and doesn't seem to care about pleasure anymore – this is pure dominance, a claim, a prime alpha that hunted and killed for his right to mate and will take it by any means necessary.

Will shoves his knot in deep, and comes with a low snarl, and drops the knife to the counter, replacing it with his hand around Hannibal's throat. He turns his head and bites savagely through Hannibal's torn shirt, hard and with sharp enough teeth that he sheds blood.

Hannibal gasps. It's not on the neck, not a traditional mating bite, but Hannibal would be a fool if he didn't think that's exactly what Will means by it.

Will works his knot in deep, and Hannibal shivers, warmed on the inside by the flood of Will's come, seeping into his fertile body, so much that even with his large knot, some of it leaks back out. Or maybe that's just slick – Hannibal is so wet, so aroused, so supremely satisfied, he's gushing with it.

He drops his head, shows his nape, and whimpers as Will digs his nails into his throat.

"You're not fucking going anywhere," Will demands, fucking with his knot still swollen, threatening to pull out completely, only to force it all the way in. It creates brutal pressure on Hannibal's prostate, on his aching insides, and he moans, dropping a hand to his cock and stroking himself as Will fucks him.

Will bites him again, higher this time, and tears Hannibal's shirt away so that it's no longer an obstacle. He fits his teeth to Hannibal's nape and bites savagely, and Hannibal moans, clenching up and coming at the scent of his own blood, mingled with Will's, the sight of his shirt stained in that familiar 'H', the scent of Will, sharp with victory.

Will swallows loudly, teeth still in his neck, and abruptly goes still, trembling behind Hannibal as he tries to catch his breath. He parts his jaws, licks wide and heavy over Hannibal's neck, and breathes out shakily. Hannibal is shaking too, and flattens his hands on the counter as Will sags, content to bear the alpha's weight while they recover.

He swallows, and lifts his head, and Will's hands tighten on him in warning.

"Hush, darling," he purrs, and tilts his head to nuzzle Will's wild hair. "Are you hungry?"

Will lifts his head, brow creased in confusion, and Hannibal opens the cooler, showing the meat he brought. Will's eyes flash, clearing a little to that so-lovely blue, and he reaches forward with his injured hand, gathers a slice of rib meat, pruned of fat and dripping with juice.

He bites into it, half swallowed easily, and handfeeds the rest to Hannibal. The rumble in his chest has softened to a purr.

Will's knot deflates abruptly, and he pulls back, and Hannibal winces despite himself at the gush of slick and semen that pours from his gaping entrance. Will's purr grows louder, and he drags his fingers through it, lifting it to his mouth to taste. Hannibal turns to him, and Will flinches back when he's reached for.

Hannibal's fingers curl. An alpha post-mounting is a feral, unpredictable thing. Will may be soothed by his recent knot, but he is far from docile. "Will," he says, sweet and soft, and lets Will look at his bitten neck, his bruised throat. Will swallows, and wipes the back of his hand over his mouth. Hannibal offers his wrist, and Will turns into it, nuzzling it and breathing deep. His lashes flutter and his eyes grow dark.

Hannibal steps close to him, and thumbs gently over the cuts he left on Will's chest. "Let me clean these for you," he says. "Then I'll leave."

Will snaps his teeth around Hannibal's wrist, sharp enough to sting, and he snarls.

"Don't leave."

Hannibal tilts his head. He smiles.

"Ask me properly."

Will's eyes flash. "I don't beg," he snaps.

"You don't mate, either, yes, I remember," Hannibal replies coolly, and gestures to his own neck. Will's eyes darken further, and the red thickens when he looks at them. "You will ask me to stay, not command it, or I will walk out the door and never come back."

Will's nostrils flare. He swallows, pressing his lips together. His shoulders roll, and he works his jaw to one side, edges of his teeth lining up.

He wets his lips, and meets Hannibal's eyes.

"Please," he whispers. "Stay."

Hannibal smiles, and he lets his throat tighten around a sweet, soothing purr. Will steps up close to him, and Hannibal shows his neck, shivering when Will licks over his pulse, nuzzles beneath his jaw. His hands flatten, gently, over Hannibal's hips.

"Please stay," he whispers again.

Hannibal nods, and wraps his fingers in Will's hair. He turns his head, and this time Will meets him for a kiss. Strange, he thinks, after everything they've done, that this feels like the most intimate moment of all.

"Stay," Will says, one last time, weak and wanting and gasping from the kiss. "Be mine."

Hannibal smiles, and kisses him again. "As you wish, darling."

Chapter 3

Hannibal wakes warm, sated, and feeling deliciously used. His neck and shoulders throb with savage bite marks, his thighs have been raked in long patterned lines by claws, his back marked by teeth and bruising hands. He's open and wet, tacky with slick, his head swimming with the primal release he normally only gets after the end of a well-spent heat.

He is satisfied, heavy, and has been thoroughly mounted. It soothes the animal instinct in his brain that seeks a mate, seeks something worthy and powerful enough to take advantage of his momentary weakness – the fact that he is not in heat, that he found an alpha more than capable of scratching that itch without the biological help, is delightfully satisfying.

He closes his eyes again, shifts his weight to test how the heavy noose of his alpha's arm tightens around his neck, instinctively protective, aggressively devout in making sure Hannibal's neck is safe from anything else that might seek to claim him out from under his mate. His nose finds the crease of an elbow, he nuzzles and licks at the soft, sweat-sharp skin, smiling when, behind him, there is an acquiescing grunt, and the hold loosens.

He rolls onto his back, and tilts his head the rest of the way, finding Will in the half-cocked darkness of predawn. The shadows soften the pretty, sharp ridge of his stubble-covered jaw, grey out the flush lingering on his cheeks. Blood has darkened his mouth to a beautiful red, tender and swollen from Hannibal's teeth. Will's shoulders are similarly bruised as Hannibal's are; welted by Hannibal's bites and his claws, a brazen and wide mark over his throat that would honestly speak to a more aggressive alpha fight than a mating. If Will works anywhere in a public capacity, his coworkers will surely be alarmed at the sight of it.

Unbidden, but unwilling to fight the sound, Hannibal purrs at the sight of it, rolling onto his side so he's facing Will. He reaches out and thumbs over the edge of his bite mark, watches Will's lashes flutter, and slide open, his lovely eyes sharpening immediately despite how deeply asleep he was. His lips twitch, an off-kilter and dimpling smile cutting into his cheeks, and he wets his swollen lower lip with his tongue.

Hannibal's fingers slide up to rest against his cheek, and he leans in, his purr deepening when Will immediately meets him, wraps an arm beneath Hannibal's and flattens his hand warm and wide between his shoulder blades. Hannibal has heard so many stories about what a mating bond feels like, how it is likened to a hook in one's chest, desperately compelling closeness and intimacy between the mated pair. He had never placed much stock in it, feeling as though he was too evolved, or too removed from his peers, to ever succumb to such a thing, but he cannot deny there is a deep, pulsing satisfaction in his chest, timed to his heartbeat, that is settled by Will's proximity and Will's touch on his bare skin.

Will kisses as fiercely as he always has, tilts his head and gives a low, answering rumble as Hannibal tastes his blood-slick mouth. After they had finished their reunion, and Hannibal agreed to stay, he fed Will by hand as Will mounted him in the kitchen, bit his throat and ran until Will gave chase and threw him to the bed, fucking him with a half-swollen knot and claws digging furrows into Hannibal's wrists until he bled. The mattress and the sheets

beneath them are a lost cause; not even bleach will totally rid them of the stains of their mating, and Hannibal is thoroughly pleased by the notion that his influence, his presence, will linger for far longer than he will, or his scent will, when he must inevitably go home.

Will breaks the kiss for a gasp of air, and then lunges for another, pinning Hannibal onto his back and covering him with a fierce growl. He ruts their foreheads together, nips at the corner of Hannibal's mouth, his hands gripping Hannibal's bruised shoulders tightly as if daring him to fight back.

Hannibal's upper lip twitches in a snarl, and he digs his nails around Will's hips, arching and forcefully throwing Will off him, so the alpha lands on his back on the edge of the mattress. Before he can push himself upright, Hannibal is on him, one hand covering his bitten neck, the other resting in the middle of the 'H' he carved into Will's chest. Will snaps his teeth and snarls at him, and in answer, Hannibal tightens his grip and forces Will's head back, so it's hanging off the edge of his bed.

He settles his weight over Will's hips, smiling and darkly pleased as he feels Will hardening between his thighs, his thick cock leaking and grinding up against Hannibal's slick perineum. He lifts Will by the neck, and Will winces, but growls fiercely, his claws digging into the old bite he left on Hannibal's flank when they first met.

There are still ropes around Will's mattress, the one by his head still holding the handcuffs he broke himself free from the night before. Hannibal reaches for the gleaming metal, yanks it to him and forces one of Will's wrists through it, cinching it so tightly that even if he were to dislocate his thumb again, he could not pull himself free. He binds the other end around the chain by Will's wrist, so that Will can tug, but cannot work himself free of the rope.

Will's nostrils flare, and he bares his savage teeth in answer. Before he can speak, Hannibal leans down and silences him with a kiss, bruising Will's lips and nipping at his tongue when Will tries to force it into his mouth.

He fists a hand in Will's wild hair, yanks him back, smiling when Will snaps his teeth together and growls at him again. Will's free hand settles on Hannibal's thigh, fingers spreading over an imprinted set of bruises along the innards of the muscle. Hannibal shivers despite himself, feeling again that powerful *tug*, that compels him to be close to his mate, that bids him settle, take, open himself up as wide as he can.

Will's eyes flash, and he smiles. "You like riling me up," he says, almost a laugh.

"It's more satisfying when you break that way," Hannibal concedes, and this time Will does laugh – a harsh bark of genuine humor. His head tilts, lashes going low, and he smiles wide and charming as a snake, cups his hand and slides it beneath Hannibal's thickening cock, between their bodies, to feel where Hannibal is, indeed, still open, and growing very wet.

Another shiver runs up Hannibal's spine, and he flattens the hand around Will's throat over his racing heart, over the bruised edges of the 'H'. He tilts his head back, gasping when two of Will's fingers sink into his body, curling just past his rim and pressing in a delicate 'Come here' motion that makes Hannibal arch.

Will sighs, and Hannibal forces himself to focus on his mate's face as Will's fingers slide in deeper, find his sensitive prostate and circle just shy of it. "You're so pretty," he murmurs, and despite himself, Hannibal feels a sharp fissure of warmth and pleasure at the praise. Will's eyes rake over him, greedy and brazen, his lips twitching at the corners into a wide smile. Hannibal's vision is starting to darken at the edges, painting Will in the vibrant orange and reds that people normally become when the gold colors his iris. "That's it, sweetheart – open up for me."

Hannibal's stomach clenches, his fingers curl, and he tips his head up, taunting Will with the still-unmarked, flushed skin of his throat. He pets over it and Will's nostrils flare, he shows his teeth and works a third finger into Hannibal, since he can't use his other hand to manhandle him and force him to take his cock.

He spreads his fingers, forcing Hannibal uncomfortably wide in answer, and Hannibal winces, digs his nails in Will's chest and lets out a rumble of warning, which merely makes Will's eyes flash, his smile turning lopsided as he tilts his head. Then, suddenly and giving Hannibal no time to recover, he slides his fingers out and cups Hannibal's balls, gripping them firmly, though gently, and he gives them a tug that is commanding enough, even in his silence, that Hannibal is helpless but to obey Will's unspoken order, and he crawls up his alpha's body and settles across his collarbones.

Will purrs for him, slides his cuffed hand behind his head to help with his neck, and parts his lips, opens his mouth wide and sucks Hannibal's cockhead into his hot, wet mouth. Hannibal snarls at him, surprised but undeniably pleased, his hands flying to Will's hair and tugging harshly as Will moans. This close, his cuffed hand can touch Hannibal, and smooths up his thigh as his other hand returns to the task of spreading Hannibal wide, eking out his slick, until it drips thickly between his legs, staining Will's chest and pooling at the hollow of his throat.

Another primal thing – omegas are known to go feral with possessiveness if they scent another on their alpha. By coating himself in Hannibal's scent, Will can soothe that instinct, Hannibal's brain purring that this alpha is *his*, his alone. He could hunt Will blind, with only his scent to guide, because he reeks so much of Hannibal.

He rolls his hips, thick and full in Will's mouth, painting his tongue and the back of his throat with his precum, before he pulls back, suddenly unable to bear the thought of remaining empty. He pushes himself back and leans down, licks his own slick from Will's neck and kisses him. Will smiles, knowing he's won – omegas might have the advantage of scent and sweetness, but alphas are cunning. They have to be, to ensure their breeding rights, and Hannibal has no doubt that Will is a champion of such manipulation. After all, he caught Hannibal easily enough.

He spreads his thighs and positions himself, sinking down onto Will's cock. Both of them let out harsh, deep rumbling snarls at that, Will's lashes fluttering, irises thickening with red. He tilts his head back, his cuffed hand flexing by his shoulder, grabbing the rope tight enough his knuckles turn white. His other hand is resting low on Hannibal's belly, where Hannibal is open and fertile and wet.

Hannibal's jaw clenches, his hands flattening on Will's chest as he rolls his hips, seeking the right angle for Will to rut against his prostate and tease at Will's knot. The reminder of his own fertility is a sharp thing, and he thinks of the morning after pill he packed – he's not quite in danger of missing his window of opportunity completely, but Will mounted him thoroughly the night before, and he would do well to take it sooner rather than later. No matter what Will commands, or pleads, motherhood has never suited Hannibal's sensibilities and he will not change his mind for anyone, even his alpha.

He pushes the thought from his mind, settling hard on Will's hips until he feels bones jutting into the backs of his thighs, feels how Will quivers beneath him, powerful and restrained, content to let Hannibal move as he likes for now.

He tightens in spasm as he rears back, gasping as he finds the angle that feels good. He drags his nails down Will's chest, a ragged moan escaping Will as he bucks, trying to fuck up into Hannibal, to pierce him as deeply as possible. Will's nostrils flare, and he's staring at Hannibal openly, as if he can't bear to look away.

"*Fuck*," he growls, and his hand slips down, wraps around Hannibal's blush-red, leaking cock and strokes him quickly, his hand tightening on the head and smoothing down in a sinfully tight grip. Will's thighs tense, his jaw clenches, he shows his teeth. "God*damn*, baby, you're so fucking wet."

Hannibal can feel it. Smell it. Hear it; the slick sounds as their bodies collide, as Will's cock splits him apart. He leans down and noses over the black bruising on Will's neck, purring when he can smell and taste himself on his alpha's skin. Will tries to reach for him with his cuffed hand, but can only manage to grip the ends of his mussed hair, his knuckles tugging tightly on the strands.

Hannibal growls, biting down harshly over the marks from his teeth, rutting down and grinding slowly as he feels Will's knot beginning to swell, pushing at his rim. He idly entertains himself with the notion of denying Will, of making him wait until Hannibal's own orgasm has already taken him, but Will lets out the softest, sweetest little whine, flattens his hand low on Hannibal's back and lifts his hips, teasing Hannibal with his knot.

"Stay still," he whispers, almost begging. Hannibal purrs, nuzzles his tense jaw, his blushing cheek. "Stay -. Just like that. C'mon, sweetheart." Hannibal sighs, smiling, and kisses Will as Will ruts up against him, growling loudly, gripping Hannibal as tightly as he can. Will's voice is rough and ruined, his tender mouth warm against Hannibal's, and when Hannibal relaxes, settles on Will's lap and lets his knot lock, Will lets out a loud, sated moan, stomach sinking in, thighs trembling. "Good – that's good, baby. *Fuck*."

He throws his head back, shuddering as he starts to come, his lashes fluttering over his lovely, red-ringed eyes, his teeth snapping together. Hannibal wraps a hand over his throat, pushes him back so he cannot bite, and works his hips in a teasing little grind. He can feel Will flooding him, his knot swollen and huge and making sure it all stays inside, and Will's hand joins his in touching his cock, stroking himself as he lets Will's knot rut against his prostate, forcing himself through his own release, staining Will's tense stomach and heaving chest.

Will groans, wiping his fingers through Hannibal's come and lifting his hand to his mouth to suck them clean. The sight causes another shiver to run down Hannibal's spine, and he growls. The knife he brought is still in the kitchen, and the handcuff keys are in his bag, so there's no way to release Will and therefore himself until Will's knot goes down.

He sighs, content and warm in his belly, and entertains himself drawing patterns through the sweat and come on Will's stomach as they wait out his knot. Will twitches, occasionally, emptying another load into Hannibal's body, his breathing heavy and uneven. Finally, his knot deflates, and Hannibal leans down and kisses him as he rises, moaning softly at the thick, dripping gush of come and slick that fall from him as soon as Will's knot goes down.

Will growls, grips him with his free hand, runs it up Hannibal's back and curls around his nape. "One of these days," he whispers, dark with promise, "I'm gonna get *you* tied to the fucking bed and unable to move."

Hannibal smiles, nipping Will's lower lip in answer. Strange, that even the fierce grip on the nape of his neck doesn't make him tense; his bond with Will is affecting him more deeply than he anticipated, for sure. Will tilts his head, lets out a soft sound, chin lifted in askance, and Hannibal kisses him, lets it linger and warm his chest as Will moans against his mouth, before he rises, and rolls his shoulders.

He goes to his bag and takes out the handcuff keys, returning to Will and releasing him. There's a small red ring around his wrist from tugging at it, and Hannibal takes his hand and lowers his mouth to brush over the mark with a gentle kiss. It makes Will purr, and Hannibal smiles, another small flutter of pleasure warming his head to hear it.

Will cups his face and kisses him again, and Hannibal rises, helping Will to his feet. Will finds his discarded sweatpants and pulls them on and Hannibal dons the shirt he came in, leaving it unbuttoned, and his soiled underwear, letting it sit low on his hips. He doesn't miss how Will's eyes rake over him, still as ravenous as ever.

"Are you hungry?" Hannibal asks. Will nods, wetting his lips, and Hannibal smiles at him, allows Will to nuzzle his shoulder and places an affectionate kiss to his hair. "I'll make us something to eat."

Will hums, and looks to the dog beds by the fireplace, his brow creasing in concern as if he'd only just noticed their absence. Hannibal cannot fault him for that – he has been keeping Will more than distracted since he arrived.

"They're safe," Hannibal assures him, and Will's eyes meet his. "I tied them together at the back door and left them food."

Will smiles, widely, and nudges his nose to Hannibal's cheek in an affectionate nuzzle, before he passes by him and goes to the back door. He leaves it cocked open, and Hannibal hears him greeting his pack, listens to their soft woofs and curious barks as they no doubt smell the difference on him.

Hannibal doesn't have a lot of time, so he returns to his bag and kneels down, fishing around for the little pill bottle that holds his birth control. He finds the bottle, and opens it, frowning

when he sees that the single pill he'd packed is no longer there.

He paws through the rest of his bag, which is mostly empty save for a change of clothes, but he cannot find it. He looks up as Will returns, sees him go to the cheap little coffee machine on his kitchen counter. He frowns down at the empty bottle again – yes, he had definitely packed it, double-checking its presence right before he entered Will's house. It was there, and he hasn't been so out of his mind that he would have taken it without remembering.

He stands with a low, aggressive growl, and Will looks up at him. His head tilts, and his eyes drop to the orange bottle in his hand. His brows lift, and briefly Hannibal wonders if he intends to be coy about the whole thing, but then he smiles, sharp and wide, and turns back to the machine.

Hannibal throws the bottle down, stalking towards Will. "When did you -?"

"Right after you went to sleep," Will answers before he can finish the question. He doesn't sound nervous, or guilty in the slightest. Part of Hannibal would admire that, but the rest of him is thrumming with a low-grade panic, because if Will went so far as to throw out the pill then he might be inclined to do much worse to ensure Hannibal remains fertile for him. "You're a remarkably heavy sleeper," he adds lightly, opening the lid of the machine and removing the old filter to an explosion of the scent of stale coffee grounds. "Or maybe I just wore you out."

"And did you assume I would not retaliate, on learning this?" Hannibal demands.

Will looks at him, a single brow lifted in a haughty arch. "One of my conditions was that you come to be fertile," he replies coolly. "You're the one who tried to cheat. And I didn't expect to find it – I wanted to see if you'd packed any other surprises for me." He lifts his shoulders in a small shrug.

"It's not your right to command I bear your child, no matter what we are to each other," Hannibal snarls. His fingers curl by his sides, outraged by Will's continued nonchalance. Will is a killer, he's made that perfectly clear, and doesn't fear Hannibal in the slightest, but oh, he *should*. Hannibal could kill him for this offense alone.

He is surprised, anger following along swiftly behind, when Will laughs, and turns away from the machine to finally face him. He steps close to Hannibal – stupid boy, thinking that Hannibal's scent on him and his obvious bite will gentle his teeth and soothe his outrage – and takes one of his hands, pulling it to his stomach. Then, lower, under the waistband of his sweatpants, until Hannibal can touch the underside of his cock, over his balls.

"Feel that?" he purrs, and Hannibal frowns, tilts his head. He thumbs tentatively over the soft, loose skin, and -.

Oh.

"I have no intention of knocking you up, sweetheart," Will murmurs, as Hannibal gently touches the small, barely-there incision scars. Vasectomy scars. They are old, done well before the two of them met, and abruptly the angry, snarling thing in his head settles. It is not

entirely gone, for Will still lied to him, and deceived him, but the panic has faded, replaced by curiosity, by intrigue. "Hell, before you I didn't even like omegas touching me."

Hannibal nods, absently, swallowing as he meets Will's eyes. He remembers that much – Will's steadfast refusal, his almost clinical first time mounting Hannibal, refusing to let him kiss or answer in kind.

"So was your request simply to see if I would obey?" he asks, rasping the words.

Will smiles, off-kilter, dimpling, so *beautiful*. "Partly," he replies, his lashes going low as Hannibal finishes his perusal, instead idly petting behind Will's balls, through the sweat and slick that leaked from Hannibal to him and stained his skin. He flattens his hand, gently cupping, thumb working over the loose skin at the base of Will's cock where his knot may swell once they mate again. "But also a purely selfish choice."

He leans in, puts his nose to Hannibal's neck, and takes a deep, ragged inhale. "You smell so much better off it," he says, and one of his hands, the one bearing the ring of red from the handcuff, slides up and cradles Hannibal's nape, squeezing gently. "You're so pretty with all that gold in your eyes, and when you're fertile it comes out more."

Hannibal growls, rubbing his cheek against Will's stubble-rough jaw, his fingers forming a loose fist as Will starts to harden in his grip. Will ruts into his touch, his free hand slipping beneath the open half of Hannibal's shirt and gripping over the first bite mark he laid.

Will laughs against his neck, purrs softly. "Still wanna kill me?"

"I'm considering it," Hannibal replies, light with humor. He tightens his hand around Will, shivering as the alpha hardens fully, absolutely drenched in Hannibal's scent, so beautiful and cunning and a Goddamn bastard. That snarling creature is growing warm with pride, knowing that even clipped as he is, Will is still such a powerful alpha, so raw with instinct that he can hold his own against a monster like Hannibal.

"But," he purrs, and lifts Will's chin with his free hand, making their eyes meet, "I think I would rather simply keep you forever."

Will smiles, and lunges for him, pinning him against the wall and kissing him fiercely. He paws at Hannibal's hips, shoving his underwear down, and turns him, bracing him with a forearm against his shoulders and teeth at his nape.

Will snarls, and Hannibal groans as his sore, abused muscles are forced to part for Will once again, the alpha slamming deep and cupping his belly, low, to hold him still. Knowing now that Will is unable to impregnate him no matter how much he tries, Hannibal is lit up on the inside, rabid with the desire to claw at his alpha's pride, to taunt him with his impotence. Alphas like Will can still rut, there's nothing stopping them from that primal tug, and Hannibal might be able to trigger that in him, force Will through knot after useless knot and tear him to shreds with the dissatisfaction of knowing it's all in vain.

Will claws at his hip, holding him still as he mounts Hannibal brutally, shoving his face to the wall, and bites down hard on the back of his neck. He doesn't split skin, he has no need to

since he laid his own mating bite, but the flood of answering pheromones makes Hannibal's entire body shiver, going lax. He comes untouched, moaning loudly as Will fucks through his spasming muscles, his snarl muffled by his mouthful of flesh.

He wastes no time in getting his knot stuck again, drawing his hands back and pulling Hannibal open as he forces his knot inside him, plugging him and filling him with come. Hannibal moans again, lets himself whine and clench up around Will's cock, lets himself rut freely like he's helpless to resist the desire to get his alpha's seed as deep inside him as possible.

Though, he must admit, the desire is not entirely false.

Will tugs Hannibal's shirt off with his teeth, baring his shoulders and his back, and licks a broad stripe across the back of his neck, nuzzling his sweaty hair. Hannibal smiles, and his throat tightens around another purr.

"Yes," he murmurs, as though to himself. He lets a hand drop, flattening over Will's where it comes to rest low on his stomach. His body gives another tight clench, milking Will as Will continues to come inside him. "I am definitely keeping you."

Will laughs. "What a coincidence," he replies, ragged and rough and so thoroughly pleased. "I was thinking the same damn thing."

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